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C. J. South.



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REVENGE;

OR, THE

MAID OF SPAIN:

A Poem.

BY

CHARLES SOUTH.

33

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

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BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the Fourth day of December, Anno Domini, 1843, Charles James South, of the said District, hath deposited in this office. the Title of a Book—the Title of which, is in the words following :—

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CHAS. D. BETTS,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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DEDICATION.

I do not dedicate this work,
Small though its wit as size perchance,
To China's Emperor,—The Grand Turk,
Or Louis Philippe King of France;
Nor yet to Spain or Austria's
'Though mighty Monarchs each may be,
We MEN who love the "STRIPES AND STARS"
For Foreign Princes, what care we?

If any homage might demand,
It would be Britain's lovely Queen:

But,— here's

TO THE GIRLS OF YANKEE LAND,

THROUGH THEIR BRIGHT SISTER,

LYDIA GREEN.

New-York, U. S.

DEC. 1843.

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REVENGE;

OR,

THE MAID OF SPAIN.

VENANCIA SANCHEZ' beaming eye
Bespoke not amiability ;
In their wild flashing was descried
Too much of an unlovely pride :—
That haughty, witty, flippant air,
Such as castillian Girls oft wear,
Made women fear her power ; but then,
She was the idol of the men.
Possessed, it seem'd, of some strange charm,
Which could each enemy disarm,
Those who would all her faults discover,
In joy's despite, were forced to love her.

* * * * *

The Tenants of the Indian grove,
Whilst thrilling forth their vesper song,
Thus, see the fascinating Snake,
Trailing its glittering length along :
They dread their fate, yet fear to move ;
Weak, trembling, torpid, yet awake,
That joy hath fled, low tones of sorrow prove,
As slow they move from spray to weaker spray,
At length each hold their treach'rous feet forsake ;
Headlong they fall, an unresisting prey.

Ungallant were the similie,
But for its sad analogy.
Who-e'er her beauties once beheld,
Was by their influence captive taken:
Vainly he wished the charm dispell'd,
Or from his dream strove to awaken.
Love snares are seldom lightly quell'd,
And hers seemed spread with so much art,
Such was their powerful fascination,
Each effort made for liberation
Entwined them closer round the heart :—
But, by no systematic lure
She conquests gained :—
Hers was the age when blooming womanhood
Succeeds the laughing girl ;— as summer fruits
Emerge from buds of Spring. In pride secure,
The humble village suitors and their suits
Scarce gained a thought, unless it was of scorn ;
For knowing well that hers was noble blood,
Seem'd to forget how much their wealth was shorn.
Her bouyant heart, unscathed as yet,
Laugh'd at each tale of hopeless love ;
And beauty's homage was a debt,
So oft received, it ceased to move,
Unless, perchance, the speaker to reprove.
Whene'er the Convent Bell hath tolled,
The solemn hour of Vesper prayer,
Forth from her dwelling she proceeded ;
As no love tale her thoughts impeded,
Nor fond companion check'd her way,
Venancia was the earliest there.

Such conduct could pass unheeded ;—
Her piety the Priest commends,
The good example forth doth hold, to every one ;
Congratulating thus, her friends,

“ I trust some day,
“ To see this chosen worthy girl a Nun.”

THE holy Father was a man of worth,
With ardent zeal he loved his little flock ;
Had he foreseen what time was to bring forth,
His feeble frame had not withstood the shock ;
But that was not to be. — One festival
He came not as was usual in his case,
Alarmed they sought him in his lonely cell,
And found the good man fallen from his place.
That lamp was spent which shone so long and well.
And men have laid *him* in a narrow space,
Whose heart's wide charity encompassed all !
But those who loved him much, delight to tell
How firm *the Book* was clasped in his embrace,
And what a heavenly smile appeared to dwell,
Which e'en the pang of death could not efface.

HE who succeeded was too few of years,
Nor had he talents to command respect ;
And many who had listen'd 'till in tears
Beneath the teaching of that heaven-taught man ;
First, to grow listless at their Prayers began,
And afterwards to treat them with neglect.
Signora Sanchez dangerously ill,
Claimed, not in vain, her daughter's tender care.

Could she refuse,? she would have spurn'd the thought
And having thus, a duty to fulfil,
Might well excuse her not attending there.

With what strange consequences fraught,
Causes the most remote, at times may be.
Twelve previous months, who would have dreamed,
The earth-despising *Devotee*,
Whose heart invincible then seemed,
Could in such maze so soon be caught;
With passion highly overwrought,
'Till LOVE, with her, was blind idolatry.

NEAR to Cape Gata, and that mountain chain
Which leads from San Miguel to Majaccar,
A scattered Village borders on the main;
Which, though its dwellings few in number are,
Hath hearts as brave as ever beat in Spain,
And fitted equally for love or war.
The Men are Fishers; bold and venturous;
Heedless of perils both by sea and land.
['Tis more than whispered, many a fisher's house,
Stores less of *Fish* than *Fabrics contraband*.]
By pious folks fish meals are oft-times eaten,
(Not that their piety I'd dare accuse,)
Yet 'though the law calls Smuggling theft and cheating,
'Tis manifest that foreign Lace and Shoes
Wear quite as long when they have paid *no* dues:—
And, if at times the busy conscience winced,
At urging men to acts of *crimelike* daring;

[Her kind monitions we too oft refuse,]
The things so pretty seem'd, so fit for wearing,
Economy too, whispered of the sparing ;—
To what men wish they're easily convinced.

In truth, it was a spirit-stirring sight,
That band to see at peep of early dawn,
Wind through the mountain gorge with hearts as light
As the wild bird they started from the thorn ;
Aye, and as wary as that self-same bird
Such paths to shun as are most used of men ;
For robberies of late had oft occurred,
And Troops were sent in companies of ten
to scour the lower road.

As the bold Smuggler is held to be
An evil trade, by ev'ry King who rules
Our trav'lers had no wish the soldiery
Should have the trouble to unpack *thier* Mules.

That guarded pass escaped, and thus secure
From further danger of unwelcome search,
Like the horizon, hope seems bright and pure
As morning beams which gild the distant Church.
On to the open country they emerge,
And hymn their praises as their course they urge.

Strange may appear this piety of theirs,
To those who spanish customs do not know,
Each Traveller into old Castile declares
The habits of the people to be so.
Here the old adage will, methinks hold good ;—
“ What every body says must needs be true.”

The roughest livers seldom miss their prayers ;—
 Even your Guide in hope to avert some loss,
 Obeisance does at ev'ry roadside cross.
 The hireling Bravo, when he truly swears
 Some deed of death for a reward to do,
 Kisses for *gospel*, (lest his faith might stagger,)
 The cross-shaped hilt of his too ready *Dagger*!

OFT had VENANCIA through her lattice green,
 The scene beheld which here is faintly sketch'd,
 And watched their path, seeing and yet unseen,
 As far as aching vision could be stretch'd,
 'Till the last mule had passed the distant hill :—
 Then, ever and anon burst forth a sigh
 Whilst fancy pictured their young Captain still,
 Unwelcome tears would struggle to each eye,
 By passion bred, by pride forbade to fall.

Too sadly true the tale I now rehearse ;
 It had been well if she had ne'er been born.
 Thus the proud beauty loved, and fate adverse,
 Or Love's revenge had steeped the shaft in gall.

IN high, in low, in poor, in rich society
 One fact holds good throughout the human kind ;
 Love darts are dealt with such a contrariety,
 That many say the tyrant boy is blind.

Was there a single youth in Majaccar
 Who would not joy that proud young heart to bind ?
 One, only one, and her inferior far—
 A Smuggler too !—that thought she strove to smother,
 And muse on some less melancholy theme;
 One image would return, and sure no other,

For LOUIS BALDEMER was the dream :
And long he knew not 'Miguel's beauty' pined,
And sleepless listened when the wind
Blew roughly 'gainst the lattice frame,
And how with prayer was mixed *his* name.

————— Signora Sanchez convalescent state,
At length permits her daughter to relax
The strict attendance she had borne of late ;—
'Tis fair to own that filial duty's tax
Was never more affectionately paid :—
Yet, when the mother saw health's rich tint fade,
And listless melancholy wear its place.
Not knowing any heart-nurst secret prey'd,
She deem'd the cause, confinement to her place ;
And daily urged her child to walk for air,
As oft to weep Venancia would repair.

THERE was a Grot,
By nature hollowed in the cliff,
And quite secluded from the view
By some dwarf shrubs which near it grew.
Ofttimes when but a child in years,
She used to wander to this spot,
Unheeding other childrens fears,
Loving to dare what they dared not.

Those thoughtless happy days of childhood gone,
Now pensive, to that favourite retreat,
She wends her way in solitude to moan,
And watch each wave that dashes toward her feet.

Thus twelve long tedious months had onward crept;
It chanced at length, one sultry summer day

Beheld her seated in her sea-girt cave,
Watching the shipping scudding o'er the bay.

So clear the sky, you might for many a league
Observe some vessel bearing far away
To a lov'd home the fruits of distant toil,
But hearts more welcome than a monarch's spoil.

At length o'ercome by langour and fatigue,
On a moss-covered rock she sunk and slept :—
(How long she knew not,) but a strange turmoil
Of troublous visions o'er her fancy swept.

At first her dreams were bliss, for then, behold
Around appeared a lovelier scene
Than mortal eyes e'er gazed upon.

Streams which resembled liquid gold
O'er beds of orient pearl were flowing,
Midst banks whose ever verdant green
With flowers of worth profusely growing,
Form, Colour, Fragrance, all unite
To ravish both the sense and sight :—

But there was one,
A flow'ret sweeter than the rest ;
'Though each fair gem of nature seemed
For some gay pageant richly dress'd.

Whilst o'er this matchless flower she mused,
Her senses by a spell seemed bound ;—
Nor moved she thence,— what might be deemed
Unearthly forms were hovering round.

Then before her passed a lovely train,
Bright as the day dream of Poet's thought,
(Ere the youthful Bard is by woe confused,)
Whilst each pulse of his heart with bliss is fraught.

Merrily onward danced the train,
Lightly tripping in festive glee ;
Bearing a floral wreath or chain ;
A lovelier sight there could not be,
Forward they drew a tiny car,
Bright as first beams of morning are.
A thing it seemed of light and air,
And a winged boy lay slumb'ring there.

A sudden thrill her bosom fired,
Some flow'ret fair to cull she strove ;
Darting forward, as if inspired,
Her offer'd Rose laid on the breast of Love.

Scarce had she withdrawn her hand.
Which a crimson stain appears to dye,
When a loud wail of agony
Burst from each of the elfin band,
And a lurid gloom o'erspread the sky.

Amidst the dim uncertain light,
Phantoms of horror thickly crowd ;—
All that can agonize the sight,
Which vainly she attempts to shroud.

Swift changed the scene—

Appearing now to stray,
Perplex'd within the mazes of a wood—
A Robber sudden starts before her way,
Whose evil countenance portends no good.
She turns to fly, but vain her speed,
The savage brigand still pursues :—
Some Power appears to intercede ;
For LOUIS hast'ning on she views.
Dear Baldemero ! “ Help ! — I'm lost ! ” —

She 'woke herself with terror screaming,
 Her arms around his neck she toss'd,
 But half awake, as yet half dreaming !—
 LOUIS indeed, *was* there.

It chanced
 Finding the Cave whilst she was sleeping,
 O'er her fine form he bowed intranced,
 To learn such secret midst her weeping.

One of those compounds strange of good and ill,
 O'er which the puzzled judgement, forced to pause,
 Now taketh up the bright points,—then the flaws,—
 'Till common sense so blinded by the *dust* is,
 That chance the Record fills instead of Justice,
 Such Louis was ;—He from his sire
 Inherited a soul of fire,
 United with such manly boldness
 As might have melted Dian's coldness.

Oft has it been declared by Tourists' coteries,
 'Though Trav'lers do not *always* speak the truth,
 That old Castile has few of Dian's votaries,
 At lest amongst the number of her Youth .

Let other lands confess, if 'tis uncommon
 To look *Divinities*, yet love like _____ Woman ?

He soothed her sighs with many a kiss,
 Less like a lover than a brother ;
 Yet was there danger even in this—
 He was affianced to another

They both were young, alas! it is man's failing,
 To suffer from strange throbbing in the heart,
 When two bright eyes our best resolves assailing,
 Their owners feelings to his soul can dart.

The sun that eve' far in the west was setting,
 When home they wandered from the green retreat;
 Chatting like two old friends, by her forgetting,
 That it was possible to use deceit :

At length they parted,—not without regretting
 It might be long ere they again could meet,

* * * * *

But did they meet?

Too often for her peace,
 Whose faithful bosom knew no other flame ;
 'Tis ever new with her, and doth increase,
 And worthy of a better, nobler aim.

Not so with Louis,— faithless as the wind,
 Which fans alike each cheek it passeth by.
 'Midst beauty's throng *he* owned but little difference,
 Who might perchance be nearest had the preference,
 Men might pronounce him, generous, good, and kind,
 Yet man, the inward thought can not descry.

A bland outside may hide a foul design.
 'Tis to be hoped that such extreme barbarity,
 As men grow wiser, will be more a rarity,
 Truth must confess, he was a Libertine.

7

CANTO, SECOND.

SOME Bard thus sung, "The stream of true love seldom
Ran in a course so smooth as it deserved. "

Shrewd his remarks, although some have repell'd 'em
Facts prove how little from the truth he swerved.

Sad sounds each wire ! as if the hand that held them
Were tremulous with sorrow, or un-nerved.

And fitly mournful is both Lute and Song,
Which speaks *man's infamy* in *Womans wrong* !

WOMAN! whose *Canaan* too oft doth lie

In the frail tenure of another's truth,

Was never formed to be a transient toy,

As *fitful fashion worn*, and then cast off.

Oh NO! that breast on which reposed her youth,

Owes her the solace nature hath designed.—

Self-proud Philosophy may strut and scoff;

No other earthly friend so true we find. !

IN hope's wild dream thus sped two years,

Which but an hour of bliss appears,

Scarce seen ere flown, transient their stay,

As the fickle sun of an April day;

A moment's smile, then set in tears.

Less frequent then his visits grew,
 Although his manner still was kind,
 (Yet, love is not so slow of view,)
 Excuses scarcely sounding true
 Gave strange suspicions to her mind:—
 Still, she had never thought the worst,
 Her pride and love conjointly swayed,
 Which each false vow tends to renew,
 Dark the storm gathers o'er her head;
At length it burst.

THEY only who have had to cope
 With such a grief, can truly tell,
 The sickness Venancia's heart
 When one whose task it was to be
 The harbinger of misery,
 Th'unwelcome tidings came to impart:—
 And told her, that *her* Louis, he
 With whom her dreams of youthful hope
 Had pictured years of happiness,
 Was *hers no more.*! _____

'T was Eve;

Near to her fav'rite Grot
 She watched the setting of Day's Orb.
 Strange steps approach, she knew it not;
 Deep thought each sense doth so absorb:
 Until a *voice* the reverie broke,
 And thus, young LOPEZ GARCIA spoke,—
 "Lady, 'tis well we thus have met,"
 (When seeing her about rise,)
 "You have no ill from me to fear,

Unless it be the news I bear."

Tears suddenly suffuse her eyes.

"What Boat is lost: ?— The Alguazils.?"

"No, lady all our Boats are well,

"And those that own them, so in health,

"But, by Our Lady! for the wealth

"Of Him who ruleth India's Throne,

"I would not *conscience* change with *one*!

"You know me not.—

Far past yon Town,

"My father hath dwelt many a year.

"The Vine-clad Cottage is his own,

"In which he did my childhood rear:—

—There was another Cottage near,

"Where PEDRO GONDEZ lived and died,

"Leaving a Widow and one Child.

"Though but a boy, fresh seems the hour,

"When my good father brought her home.

"She was a creature young and wild.—

"My Father call'd me: "Lopez, come,

"You are her elder, guard this child,

"From danger with your utmost power."

"Well I remember, with what pride,

"When through her tears the young thing smiled,

"And ask'd me, '*will you*,'? I replied,

"Fore Heaven I will.!

"Truly I watched her, many a day

"From boyish sports I've kept aloof.

"*She* thought them boisterous in their play,

"And *how could* I refuse that proof

- " Of Brothers' love to one so dear ?
" To my soul's Feelings I was blind ;
" And my dear Mother ! ('though most kind !)
" When she my PATROCINIA chid,
" Pained *me*, I scarce knew what I did.
" Oft have I kissed away the tear.
" Oft her head on *my* breast was hid.!
-

- " Why on the past do I thus dwell ?
" Each year improved her ripening frame.—
" On my soul's flower, a blight there fell.
" Alas ! a heartless spoiler came :
" I marked that more reserved she grew,
" But thought 'twas womans modesty ;
" And when from my embrace she drew,
" She seemed yet lovelier in my eye.
-

- " My honoured Father's waning strength
" Compell'd me to be much away.
" A six months voyage ; joyous at length
" I leaped on shore,— my native Bay. !
" There stood my sire *alone*,— my hand he grasped,
" Whilst the big tears rolled down his cheek ;
" Bless thee ! my son, thou'rt still the same—
" The old man sobb'd,— I could not speak ;
" I felt convinced that *she* was dead ;
" And when my faltering utterance came,
" 'Twas *my poor* Patrocinia's name. !
" Not THINE, was all my father said.
" Deeming her dead, You're right, I gasped.

- “ By that time, we arrived at home ;—
“ How my fond heart recalled each day,
‘ When I with Patrocinia strove,
“ Platting Vine tendrils in our play.
‘ Lost, happy days of childish love.
“ My sire the well known door unhasped,
“ Dear mother I prepared to meet ;—
“ What horror met my eye, my ear ;
“ A loud hysteric shriek I hear ;
“ Her I thought dead lay at my feet :—
“ Silent, I stagger’d to a seat,
‘ The sad, dread truth too plain I see.
“ She will an *unblessed* mother be.
“ And then I learned a wretch had hovered
“ Near my loved home, long ere discovered,
“ Robb’d *me* of hope and wrought *her* shame;
“ And BALDEMERO is his name. !—
“ My poor old Father, ’though he grieved,
“ Was too benevolent at heart
“ To spurn a Penitent deceived,
“ By a designing villain’s art.
“ Poor creature, ! I was then at sea :—
“ She beg’d to stay ’till my return.
“ Whilst reason racked to agony
“ Made *my* sad brain with anguish burn
“ I acted for *her* sake, alone,
“ As if my heart were turned to stone.
“ Knowing full well the Law of Spain,
“ To the Alcalde did we complain,
“ Whose just Decree was promptly given,
“ For him to wed the Girl :— ’fore Heaven.
“ Thus far have I my duty done :—

“ With my heart’s wrath I’ve vainly striven,

“ And feel I never can forgive

“ Should we meet, *one* might cease to live—

“ I will not harm her Child, therefore,

“ I quit dear Spain, my native shore.

“ Lope Garcia warns thee, lady, ere we part,

Guard well thy breast against that villain’s art,

ON her sear’d heart the tidings fell,
Like Heaven’s resistless Bolt on earth,
Withering every plant of worth.

His very accents seem’d the knell
Of Peace and Hope, and suited well
The heaving of his manly breast,
That Spirit mightily distress’d
Where deep impassioned thoughts of woe
Struggle for birth with painful throe.

When first a voice unknown assailed her ear,
Venancia started up, prepared for flight ;
But deeming that she nothing had to fear
From the sad grief-worn youth who met her sight,
She listened to the tale with interest deep,
Ere yet revealed her own amount of woe,
His accents mournful, tremulous and low,
Seem’d through her soul in unison to creep,
Nor could she then restrain the pitying tear.

At length he ceased, and full in view
Her worse than widowhood was shown ;
Quick from her presence he withdrew,
And left her in her grief alone,

AND then another came, and then
 Another told the self-same tale,
 And whisper'd how she was deceived;
 Then first it was her native vale,
 Of which so late she was the pride,
 Grew hateful to her sense and sight:—
 For, if perchance she heard her name
 Repeated as she passed along,
 Her ear would misconstrue the sound;
 And feeling how she was bereaved,
 She thought they did thus to deride
 Her grief, and that the jocund throng,
 Conspiring were her soul to wound.
 'Tis true, she could not be to blame,
 But ill her womans pride could brook
 That either village maids or men,
 In *pity* or in scorn should look,
 On Baldemero's *cast off Love*!

* * * * *

SIX Days, six joyless days had crept;
 Six nights of woe she scarcely slept:
 For if tired nature feign would close
 The wearied eye, still no repose
 Sleep such as hers to sorrow gives.
 As some poor shipwreck'd starving wretch,
 Dreaming, beholds a Banquet spread,
 Towards which, his hand he doth outstretch
 But grasps the barren Rock instead.
 Thus in the silent hours of night,
 Venancia's day dreams haunt her bed;

Her much loved LOUIS greets her sight.
Placed by his fine athletic form,
She hears his voice, for her he lives,
He owns the triumph of her charms:
When sudden darkness clouds the scene,
And like the Spirit of the storm,
Her Rival rushes in between,
To tear him from her longing arms.

Alas! the sorrow-stricken mind
Writhes like some sorely wounded Hind,
Which drags its course along the ground,
And agonizing strives to extract
The barbed Dart, but strives in vain,
For even by the very act
It fixes deeper in the wound.

I said six days elapsed,—at length
The Seventh came, and with it news
That Baldemero was returned.
(He had been absent on a cruise.)

Soon the old spot he sought again,
Not knowing that his vile deceit
Had been revealed in San Miguel,
He strove the perjury to repeat.

Passion near overcame her strength,
But yet she told not what she knew;
Merely appearing somewhat cool,
Demanded if some other fair

Had not prolonged his stay from there.
He treated as a playful jest
The taunt, and though her spirit burned
She smother'd in her troubled breast
Each rankling thought that would have spurned
A miscreant who thus could strive
To keep her hopeless flame alive.

Thoughts, horrid thoughts rushed through her mind,
When his troth he presumed to swear :
And then she feigned to be more kind.
Bidding him a Light Skiff prepare
For pleasure Trip——

To this agreed,
With early dawn which shone serenely mild,
They both embarked, and mournfully she smiled,
As soon from view the once loved shores recede.

LIGHT scuds the Boat as plaything of the wind,
She rose and fell on Ocean's heaving breast ;
The man who worked the Sail appeared to find
Enough employment, 'though he did his best ;
And LOUIS steered as well as man could do
Who has to *court* and steer a vessel too.

Whilst the light Barque kept gaily on her course,
Never seem'd she so lovely in his eyes.
She told him she had ventured to apprise
Her Parents of their true and mutual love.
'Though grieved at first, they could not stand the force,
Persuasive force when tearfully she strove
And that their union they would now approve.

LOUIS repented then, his perjuries,
 And felt his spirit stung by vain remorse.
 [How conscious guilt the mind doth paralyze.]
 He who had bearded fate in many a form,
 In the death struggle, and midst Ocean's whirl,
 Sate self-condemned before a fragile Girl :
 And seeming as if taken by surprize,
 Found strange relief, in, that the gath'ring storm
 Might seem to excuse him, that he answereth naught.
 What was, what might have been crowd through his
 [thought.

THE treach'rous sea which onward bore the craft,
 Each moment grew more boisterous and wild.
 Fierce swelling surges rising fore and aft,
 Threaten with greedy haste to overwhelm.
 Louis was troubled, whilst VENANCIA laughed,
 And when he asked her, if she did not fear,
 Bitterly answered

“ Am I then a child.

“ Or, are you not a *man*? Pray mind your Helm ;

“ Not me !——More cautious steer,

“ Or it may be, perchance, your treasured life

“ Will not be spared to bless your lovely *Wife*. !

Convulsive sobs her speech impede :

Her quiv'ring lip,— the death-like hue,

Succeeded by a hectic flush ;—

Oh ! how unlike that joyful blush

Which erst was wont to greet his view!

Then, her whole soul was Love and Hope :—

But now a blight

Had withered Joy,
And the young heart where the plant grew,
Was such a wasted wilderness,
That Hope forsook her ruin'd Shrine,
Scared by the phantoms fell Despair
Had raised to mar her dwelling there.

'Tis thought that language is too weak,
One glance of fervent love to speak ;
How then can words have pow'r to express
A look which did at once combine
Love,—wild despairing hopelessness,
Revengeful Rage, and firm Design

She paused —

And o'er her altered form
Convulsive agony had sway :
A fearful maddening despair,
As if Life's last great Stake was play'd
And *lost*, hath given an air
Like a Destroying Angel._____

Dismayed,

And wondering where the scene would end,
He gazed on her he had betrayed ;
But could not from his heart defend
His conduct, for too well he knew
Her worst reproaches to be true.

Back with one hand she dash'd her long black hair,
Which the rude ocean breeze had dared to untie;
Whilst high wrought passion gave a maniac glare
Of Demon wildness to her fierce dark eye ;

And then, with fearful tone was silence broken,—
As if some damned Spirit might have spoken. !

“ Adored, detested Traitor, go

To the Alcalde who dwells below :—

Go—wed the *creature* with whose charms

“ This fond, devoted heart of mine,

“ So little weigh’d, that thou couldst slay

“ The Off’ring at so vile a shrine. !

“ Go, haste thee to her longing arms ;

“ ’Tis pity *she* should mourn your stay.

“ Soon, soon I follow, that’s the way.

Quick as the Flash which darts from East to West,

A sheathless Dagger from her side she drew,

And plunging it hilt-deep within his breast,

Life’s gushing Stream her murderous hands embue

With fatal truth the messenger had past,
Bearing the Sentence of A MAID’S REVENGE.

Through his clench’d teeth a cry but half suppress’d,
Reveal’d the intensity of agony.

Forth from the wound the purple flood ebb’d fast.

On her was turned his quickly glazing eye :

As to his lips her reeking hand he press’d,

Faintly he gasp’d—

“ Ven---an---cia---I---forgive” —

Fell heavily o’erboard, and ceased to live.

Vengeance is sated :—that expiring cry,
Renewed remembrance of her fearful dream,
The lurid Heavens appear’d to frown on high,

Whilst forms phantastic beckoning to her seem;
Fearing to live, the Murderess dares to DIE---
“ I come ! ” she shrieked, and plunged into the stream.

WHEN the brief Tragedy commenced, the sail
Had hidden the actors from the Boatman's sight,
But as the Rudder's influence doth fail,
The Boat tack'd round,—the old man stood aghast ;
His freight was blood, Venancia drifting past ;
Whose garments bouying up a form so light,
He drew her to the Boat in senseless plight.

* * * * *

When she to consciousness awoke,
A Dungeon's dim light on her broke :
Pitiless hands doled prison food
To her who once so high had stood :

But that silent solitary cell
Was welcome to her haughty mind ;
Where e'en Confessor's accents fell
On barren soil, nor place could find.

And when at the Tribunal Bar,
So firm her step, though sunk her eye,
That sterner men her elders far,
Wonder'd at her obduracy.

No Prayer for pardon was expressed,
Nor bar of innocence doth plead ;

But all her crime hath she confessed,
And even glories in the deed.

They thought, or pitying feigned to think
Insanity the act had wrought;

Nor knew how deep the Soul may drink
Of grief, ere 'tis to madness brought.

'Though man's revenge against the sin
Of Homicide her death decreed;

Yet pow'rful friends contrive to win
A milder Sentence for the deed.

But all that *justice* could bestow,
Was solitary lengthened death,

Which painful lives through years of woe,
With sluggish pulse and lab'ring breath,
In grated dungeon, dark and low,
Where ray of hope can never glow.

'Twas merciful in man, to give
A space on earth to appease high Heaven;
But she refuseth, now, to live—
And converse scorning, paced the floor,
Oft muttering "Life will soon be o'er."

And Days elapsed: the prison food,
Despite of pangs untasted stood.
Her step grew tremulous and weak,
Yet still VENANCIA was the same,
With purpose firm until the last;
Such as had graced a worthier aim.

On the sixth day her Gaoler came,
Roughly exclaiming, "What! still fast?"
She did not, or, she could not speak:---

And when another morn had shone,
Again he opes the Prison door,
And seeing her reclining still,
In the same posture as before,
Her hand he touched ; 'twas deadly chill ;
That proud heart agonized no more :---
And she had died, alone, unshriven,
An awful death ! the act her own.

WHEN BALDEMER met his death,
The tide was running strong towards shore ;
His Body drifted just beneath
That spot he oft had trod before.
Bearing it from the reach of Tide,
The Lovers' Grotto they espied :
Then they shuddering turned, as the corpse they rest,
The Stiletto yet within his breast ;
And seamen-like, it was fate, they said,
Had caused the Sea *there* to disgorge her dead.
They chose the spot, Venancias Cave,
The scene of her love for her Victim's Grave :
And the entrance closed, lest birds of air,
In search of prey might enter there.

But brief the space ere at dead of night,
A covered Bier left the Prison door.
Silent they move by dull torch-light,
Onward towards the wild Sea shore.

And a Mothers eyes with tears are dim ;
HER sobbs, the only requiem,
Save the shrieking birds which affrighted were,
As the SUICIDE to her tomb they bear,
Unclosed the Grave of the murdered man,
The moss-grown seat looked fresh and green,
And they laid a Coffin on that Seat,
Where her it held so oft hath been.
Feelings of awe through each bosom ran ,
Scarce audibly they prayers repeat,
Surrounding the funereal Bed
Of those in Death so sadly WED.

A rough hewn Cross reveals the site,
Where lies the Youth untimely slain ;
And her whose heart could thus unite,

LOVE AND REVENGE,

THE

MAID OF SPAIN.



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